

Sir HARRY WILDAIR.

Being the SEQUEL of the

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

Written by Mr. FARQUHAR.

D U B L I N :

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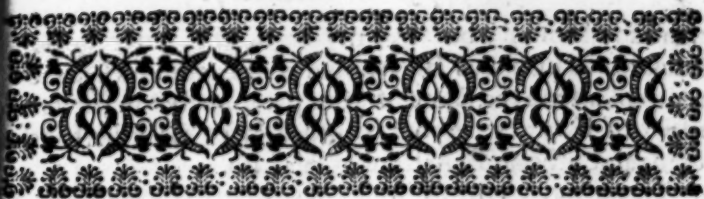
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To the Right HONOURABLE the
Earl of *Albermarle*, &c.

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

MY Pen is both a Novice in Poetry, and a Stranger at Court, and can no more raise it self to the Style of *Panegyrick*, than it can stoop to the *Art of Flattery*; but if in the plain and simple Habit of Truth, it may presume to mix with that Crowd of Followers that daily attend upon your Lordship's Favour, please to behold a Stranger, with this difference, that he pays more Homage to your Worth, than Adoration to your Greatness.

This Distinction, my Lord, will appear too nice, and *Metaphysical* to the World, who know your Lordship's Merit and Place to be in'eparable, that they can only differ as the Cause from the Effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond Dispute, as that your Royal Master, who has made the noble Choice, is the most wise, and most discerning Prince in the Universe.

To present the World with a lively Draught of your Lordship's Perfections, I should enumerate the Judgment, Conduct, Piety and Courage of our great and gracious King, who can only place his Favours on those shining Qualifications, for which his Majesty is so eminently re-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

markable himself; but this, my Lord, will prove the Business of voluminous *History*, and your Lordship's Character must attend the Fame of your great Master in the *Memoirs* of Futurity, as your faithful Service has hitherto accompanied the noble Actions of his Life.

The greatest Princes in all Ages, have had their Friends and Favourites, with them to communicate and debate their Thoughts, so to exercise and ripen their Judgments; or sometimes to ease their Cares by imparting them. The great *Augustus*, we read in his Project of settling the unwieldy *Roman* Conquests on a fixt Basis of Government, had the Design laid, not in his Counsel, but his Closet; there we find him with his two Friends *Mecænas* and *Agrippa*, his favourite Friends, Persons of sound Judgment, and unquestionable Fidelity; there the great Question is freely and reasonably debated, without the Noise of Faction, and constraint of Formality; and there was laid that prodigious Scheme of Government, that soon recover'd their bleeding Country, heal'd the Wounds of the civil War, blest the Empire with a lasting Peace, and styl'd its Monarch *Pater Patriæ*.

The Parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our *Cæsar* too, no less renown'd than the foremention'd *Augustus*; he first asserted our Liberties at home against Popery and Thralldom, headed our Armies abroad with Bravery and Success, gave Peace to *Europe*, and Security to our Religion. And you, my Lord, are his *Mecænas*, the private Counsellor to those great Transactions which have made *England* so formidable to its Enemies, that (which I blush to own) it is grown jealous of its Friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular Wisdom and Circumspection of your Lordship's Conduct, that you so firmly retain the Favour of your Master without the Envy of the Subject; your Moderation and even Deportment between both, has secur'd to your Lordship the Ear of the King, and the Heart of the People; the Nation has voted you their *Good Angel* in all Suits and Petitions to their Prince, and their Success fills the three Kingdoms with daily Praises of your Lordship's Goodness; and his Majesty's Grace and Clemency.

And

The Epistle Dedicatory.

And now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg, that among all the good Actions of your Lordship's high and happy Station, the Encouragement of Arts and Literature may not be solely excluded from the Influence of your Favour. The Polite *Mecænas*, whom I presum'd to make a Parallel to your Lordship in the Favour of his Prince, had his *Virgil*, and his *Horace*, and his Time was mostly divided between the Emperor and the Poet; he so manag'd his Stake of Royal Favour, that as *Augustus* made him great, so the Muses fix'd him immortal; and *Maro's* Excellency, my Lord, will appear the less Wonder, when we consider that his Pen was so cherish'd with Bounty, and inspir'd by Gratitude.

But I can lay no Claim to the Merits of so great a Person for my Access to your Lordship; I have only this to recommend me without Art void of Rhetorick, that I am a true Lover of my King, and pay an unfeigned Veneration to all those who are his trusty Servants, and faithful Ministers; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all Submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted, and

most obedient humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.





PROLOGUE.



OUR Authors have *surpass'd* their late Essays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
Made great Harangues to teach you what was fit
To pass for Humour and go down for Wit.
Athenian Rules must form an English Piece,
And Drury-lane comply with ancient Greece.
Exactness only, such as Terence writ,
Must please our masqu'd Lucretias in the Pit.
Our youthful Author swears he cares not a Pin
For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedelin, or Rapin:
He leaves to learned Pens such labour'd Lays,
You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
From musty Books let others take their View,
He hates dull Reading, but he studies You.
First, from you Beaux, his Lesson is Formality,
And in your Footmen there — most nice Morality;
To pleasure them his Pegasus must fly,
Because they judge, and lodge, three Stories high.
From the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Style,
And learns, without a Blush, to make 'em smile;
A Lesson only taught us by the Fair;
A waggish Action — but a modest Air.

Among

PROLOGUE.

*Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
Some Rules that every modish Writer needs.
He learns from ev'ry Covent-Garden Critick's Face,
The modern Forms of Action, Time, and Place,
The Action he's a sham'd to name—d'ye see,
The Time is Seven, the Place is Number Three.
The Masques he only reads by passant Looks,
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit and Boxes are his Schools,
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks censure then, and hiss like Snakes,
He gains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
St. James's Beaux, and Covent-Garden Rakes.*



PROLOGUE
Dramatis Personæ.



Sir Harry Wildair.

Col. Staudard.

Fireball, a Sea Captain.

Monf. Marquis, a sharpening Refugee.

Beau Banter.

Clincher, the Jubilee-Beau turn'd Politician.

Dicky, Servant to Wildair.

Shark, Servant to Fireball.

Ghost.

Lord Bellamy.

W O M E N.

Lady Lyrewell.

Angelica.

Parly.

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. JAMES's.

THE



THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
CONSTANT COUPLE:
OR, A
Trip to the Jubilee.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard and Fireball meeting.

Stand. **H**AH! Brother *Fireball*! Welcome ashore,
What! Heart whole? Limbs firm, and
Frigate safe?

Fire. All, all, as Fortune and Friends cou'd wish.

Stand. And what News from the *Balsick*?

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys i'th'
North that have got Globes and Scepters to play with:
They fell to Loggerheads about their Play-things; the Eng-
lish came in like *Robbin Good-fellow*, cry'd *Bob*, and made
'em be quiet.

Stand.

Stand. In the next place then, you're to congratulate my Success: You have heard, I suppose, that I've marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my first News upon my Landing, that Colonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewell* — A fine Lady indeed! A very fine Lady! — But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian Canoo*, than manage the Vessel you're Master of.

Stand. Why so, Sir?

Fire. Because she'll run adrift with every Wind that blows: She's all Sail and no Ballast — Shall I tell you the Character I have heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Husband, and cry for the Loss of a Lap-Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cause, and pleas'd without a Reason. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Cholick all the Afternoon: The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an understanding Head; yet her Vanity will stoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And in fine, a fine Lady goes to Church for Fashion's sake, and to the Basset-Table with Devotion; and her Passion for Gaming exceeds her Vanity of being thought virtuous, or the Desire of acting the contrary. — We Seamen speak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always tempestuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you so? Why then give me thy Hand, honest Frank, and let the World talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, say you? What does the World talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all — They only say what's usual upon such Occasions: That your Wife's the greatest Coquet about the Court, and your Worship the greatest Cuckold in the City: That's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That she's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand. She's an Angel in her self, and a Paradise to me.

Fire. She's an Eve in her self, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire.



the Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee. 3

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it shall be so; I'll back to *White's*, and whoever dares mutter Scandal of my Brother and Sister, I'll dash his Ratifia in's Face, and call him a Liar. [Going.]

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The World is too strong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be thoroughly reveng'd, we must murder all the Beaux, and poison half the Ladies: Those that have nothing else to say, must tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over *Tea*, must have something that's sharp to relish their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of such Conversation; and without it, their Entertainment wou'd prove mighty insipid—Now, Brother, why shou'd we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Because all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The Worst Reason in the World.—Wou'd you pretend to devour a Lion, because a Lion wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, If I cou'd.

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you cou'd! But since you have neither Teeth nor Paws for such an Encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beast may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But, I say, that whoever abuses my Brother's Wife, tho' at the back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no such thing as Villany at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were a single Person, he might be styl'd Villain with a Vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accusers. In short, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now-a-days, pleads Liberty of Conscience; every Man's Conscience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment.—— As for Instance, who would be so complaisant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay? And who can be so ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for espousing that which is the very tenure of his Livelihood.

Fire.

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cause! — But, Sir, my Bus'neis is not with the Court, but with you: I desire you, Sir, to open your Eyes; at least, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard just now at the *Chocolate-House*.

Stand. Brother.

Fire. Well, Sir.

Stand. Did the Scandal please you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why shou'd you think it shou'd please me? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to your self, sweet Sir: If it made you uneasy, there's no question but it will torment me, who am so much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies?

Stand. Pshaw! If they abus'd me they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table Company, and Pot-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were so rally'd, so torn! there was a hundred Ranks of sneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once, which so mangled your Wife's Reputation, that she can never patch up her Honour while she lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you say.

Fire. Very white! Blood, Sir, I say they mangled your Wife's Reputation.

Stand. And I say, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be safe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand. Not a Syllable. Lift ning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will sting you to Death: Let 'em spit their Venom among themselves, and it hurts no Body.

Fire. Lord! Lord! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together! Fye, fye, Sir! consider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Post; distinguish'd by brave Actions, an Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies. — Hell! that a Man who has storm'd

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florm'd *Namur* shou'd become the Jest of a Coffee-Table
—The whole House was clearly taken up with the two
important Questions, whether the Colonel was a Cuckold?
or *Kid'a Pyrate*?

Stand. This I can't bear.

[*Aside.*

Fire. Ay, (says a sneering *Coxcomb*) the Colonel has
made his Fortune with a Witness; he has secur'd himself a
good Estate in this Life, and a Reversion in the World to
come. Then (replies another) I presume he's oblig'd to
your Lordships Bounty for the latter part of the Settle-
ment. There are others (says a third) that have play'd with
my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, besides my Lord; I have
capotted her my self two or three times in an Evening.

Stand. O matrimonial Patience, assist me.

Fire. Matrimonial Patience! Matrimonial Pessilence!—
Shake off these drowzy Chains that fetter your Resent-
ments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and
let her Person be as publick as her Character: If she be ho-
nest, revenge her Quarrel.—I can stay no longer: This is
my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office*; I'll come and
dine with you; in the mean time, Revenge; think on't.

[*Exit Fireball.*

Stand. [*Solus.*] How easy is it to give Advice, and how
difficult to observe it! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her
off.* Ay, but how? The Gospel drives the matrimonial
Nail, and the Law clinches it so very hard, that to draw it
again wou'd tear the Work to pieces—That her Intentions
have wrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witness.

Enter Parley, running cross the Stage.

Here, here, Mrs. *Parley*, Whither so fast?

Par. Oh Lord! my Master! Sir, I was running to Ma-
damoiselle *Furbello*, the *French* Milliner, for a new *Burgun-*
dy for my Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old fashion'd
Garniture for your Master's Head, if I mistake not your
Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir! there's the prettiest Fashion lately come
over! so airy, so *French*, and all that!—The Pinner's are
double ruffled with twelve Plaits of a side, and open all
from the Face; the Hair is frizled all up round the Head,
and

and stands as stiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favourites hangs loose upon the Temples with a languishing Lock in the middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet rais'd very high, and all the Lappets behind.—I must fetch it presently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I must talk with you.

Par. Another time, Sir, my Lady stays for it.

Stand. One Question first: What Wages doth my Wife give you?

Par. Ten Pound a Year, Sir, which God knows is little enough, considering how I slave from Place to Place upon her Occasions. But then, Sir, my Perquisites are considerable; I make above two hundred Pounds a Year by her old Cloaths.

Stand. Two hundred Pounds a Year of her old Cloaths! What then must her new ones cost?—But what do you get by visiting Gallants and Picket?

Par. About a hundred Pound more.

Stand. A hundred Pound more! Now who can expect to find a Lady's Woman honest, when she gets so much by being a Jade?—What Religion are you of, Mrs. Parley?

Par. I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where were you born?

Par. In Holland.

Stand. Were you ever christen'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were *Anabaptists*: they dy'd before I was dipt; I then forsook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new one since.

Stand. I'm very sorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the Worth of your Extraction sooner, that I might have paid you the Respect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five hundred.

Stand.

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Stand. Have you lost your Maidenhead? — — — [*She puts on her Masque, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw, Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parley, now you have been so free with me, I tell you what you must trust to in return: Never to come near my House again. Be gone, Monster, fly, — — — Hell and Furies! never christen'd! Her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be so furious. Never christen'd! What then? I may be a very good Christian for all that, I suppose. — — — Turn me off! Sir, you shan't. Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's Business to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you now! A sweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's such a hellish Confident, there must be damnable Secrets — Be gone, I say. — My Wife shall turn you away.

Car. Sir, she won't turn me away, she sha'n't turn me away, not she can't turn me away. Sir, I say, she dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Because I'm the Mistress, not she.

Stand. You the Mistress!

Car. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if she dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know?

Car. Humph! — Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Husband! — Very pretty, Faith! — Sure, Sir, you don't think me such a Jew: Tho' I was never christen'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection or Interest?

Car. Shall I tell you a Christian Lie, or a Pagan Truth?

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Interest, Interest, I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honest one — — — Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Interest make you faithful to me as much as to others?

Par.

8 *Sir Harry Wildair; being*

Par. Honest to you! Marry for what? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Stiver since. One Gallant gives me Ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a Pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond-Ring; and my noble Master gives me — his Linnen to mend. — Faugh! — I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stinginess to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parley?*

Par. No, faith not yet, tho' in a very fair way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very suddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you shall be my Pensioner; you shall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You shall find a Husband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generosity. Take their Money, Child, take all their Bribes: give 'em Hopes, make 'em Assignations; serve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, she will be kept chaste; you will grow rich; and I shall preserve my Honour.

Par. But what Security shall I have for Performance of Articles?

Stand. Ready Payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earnest.

Stand. Five Guineas.

[*Giving her Money.*]

Par. Are they right? No *Gray's-Inn* Pieces amongst 'em. — All right as my Leg — Now, Sir, I'll give you an Earnest of my Service. Who'd'ye think is come to Town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend, *Sir Harry Wildair.*

Stand. Impossible?

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife so soon?

Par. Why, she has been dead now above a Year. — He appear'd in the Ring last Night with such Splendor and Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazl'd the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of six *Flanders* Mares, seven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shittlecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promises and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand.

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Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did she condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd her self a perfect Pattern of conjugal Fidelity!

Par. She might as safely swear, Sir, That this Day se'night, at four a Clock, the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders*. 'Tis presuming for any of us all to promise for our Inclinations a whole Week. Besides, Sir, my Lady has got the knack of Coquetting it; and when once a Woman has got that in her Head, she will have a touch on't every where else.

Stand. An Oracle, Child. But now I must make the best of a bad Bargain; and since I have got you on my side, I have some Hopes, that by constant Disappointment and Crosses in her Designs, I may at last tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I stand to the Obligation; and will tell you farther, That by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our House to Cards, and that there is a Design laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be besides?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Bassèet-Table; my Lady *Lovecards*, and the usual Company: They have made up a Bank of fifteen hundred *Louis-d'Ors* among 'em; the whole Design lies upon Sir *Harry's* Purse, and the *French Marquis*; you know, constantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the *French Marquis*; that's one of your Benefactors, *Parley*; — The Persecution of *Bassèet* in *Paris* furnish'd us with that *Refugee*; but the Character of such a Fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real Sufferers for their Religion. — But take no notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes. — There's more Earnest for you: Be rich and faithful. [Exit *Stand.*]

Par. [Solus.]. I am now not only a Woman to the Lady *Lurewell*, but Steward to her Husband, in my double Capacity of knowing her Secrets, and commanding his Purse. A very pretty Office in a Family; For every Guinea that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing it. — My comings in, at this rate, will be worth a Master in

B.

Chan-

Chancery's Place, and many a poor Templer will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

Enter Dicky, meeting her.

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your Purposes.

Par. Bless me! Mr. Dicky!

Dick. The very same in Longitude and Latitude! not a bit diminish'd, not a Hair's Breadth increas'd, — Dear Mrs. Parley, give me a Buss, for I'm almost starv'd.

Par. Why so hungry, Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, I ha'n't tasted a bit this Year and half, Woman; I have been wandring about all over the World, following my Master, and come home to dear London but two Daysago. Now the Devil take me, if I had not rather kiss an *English* pair of Pattins, than the finest Lady in *France*.

Par. Then you're over-joy'd to see London again?

Dick. Oh! I was just dead of a Consumption, till the sweet Smoke of *Cheapside*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleet-Ditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir Harry Wildair?

Dick. Why, seeing me a handsome personable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy to my Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Master?

Dick. Oh! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off, I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very sorry for the Loss of your Mistress, Sir Harry's Lady? They say, she was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the sweetest Woman that ever the Sun shin'd upon. I cou'd almost weep when I think of her.

[Wiping his Eyes.]

Par. How did she die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a Buss then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You shall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then — Courage! — Now for a doleful Tale. — You know that my Master took a Freak to go see that foolish *Jubilee* that made such a Noise among us here; and

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no sooner said than done; away he went, he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him; and left me, the poor *English* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here.—Well, so far, so good—But scarce was my Master's back turn'd, when my Lady fell to sighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in short fell sick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that she pluck'd up her Spirits at last, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far, and farther than I can tell, till we came to a Place call'd *Montpellier*, in *France*; a goodly Place truly.—But Sir *Harry* was gone to *Rome*; there was our Labour lost.—But, to be short, my poor Lady, with the Tiresomness of Traveling, fell sick—and dy'd.

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worst of the Story.—Those cursed barbarous Devils, the *French*, wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, she was a Heretick Woman, and they wou'd not let her Corps be put in their holy Ground—Oh! damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honest Pagan, as I am, than such a Christian as one of these?—But how did you dispose the Body?

Dick. Why there was one charitable Gentlewoman that us'd to visit my Lady in her Sickness: She contriv'd the matter so, that she had her bury'd in her own private Chapel. This Lady and my self carried her out upon our own Shoulders through a Back-door at the Hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Priests we had gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman?

Dick. I don't know; some sort of a *Canibal*, I believe. I know there are some *Canibal* Women here in *England*, that come to the Play-Houses in *Masques*; but let them have a care how they go to *France*. (For they are all Hereticks, I believe) But I'm sure my good Lady was none of these.

Par. But how did Sir *Harry* bear the News?

Dick. Why, you must know, that my Lady, after she was bury'd sent me——

Par. How! after she was bury'd!

Dick. Pshaw! Why Lord, Mistress, you know what I mean: I went to Sir *Harry* all the way to *Rome*; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick. Why, in the middle of a Monastery among a hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was surpriz'd to see honest *Dicky*, you may be sure. But when I told him the sad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *English* Oaths upon the Spot, and swore that he would set Fire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himself up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but instead of that, he call'd for his best Linen, fine Wig, gilt Coach; and laughing very heartily, swore again he wou'd be reveng'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to some purpose.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, in the matter of five Days he got six Nuns with Child, and left 'em to provide for their Heretick Bastards——Ah Plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts.——So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himself at this rate through all the Catholick Countries that we pass'd, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parley*, I fancy he has some Designs of Revenge too upon your Lady.

Par. Who cou'd have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper wou'd have been so revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Buff you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue.

Dick. Allons.

[Runs off.]

[Follows.]

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Lady's Apartment.*

Enter two Chamber-maids.

1 Cham. **A**RE all things set in order? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in Form, and the Chocolate ready?

2 Cham. 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our Lecture; I wish for my part my time were out.

1 Cham. Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our time be half expir'd; and she's worse this Morning than ever.—Here she comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a Couple of you indeed! But how, how in the Name of Negligence cou'd you Two contrive to make a Bed as mine was last Night; A Wrinkle on one side, and a Rump on t'other; the Pillows awry, and the Quilt askew.—I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the Sheets all Night long.—Oh!—my Bones ake this Morning as if I had laid all Night on a pair of *Dutch* Stairs.—Go, bring Chocolate.—And, d'ye hear? Be sure to stay an Hour or two at least.—Well! These *English* Animals are so unpolish'd! I wish the Persecution wou'd rage a little harder, that we might have more of these *French Refugees* among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

These Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate.—And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, Madam.

Lure. Only an Hour and half by the slowest Clock in *Christendom*—And such Salvers and Dishes too! The Lord be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagu'd with

with such Animals?—Where are my new Japan Salvers?
—Broke, o' my Conscience! All to Pieces, I'll lay my
Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam, but your Husband—

Lure. How! Husband, Impudence! I'll teach you Man-
ners. [*Gives her a Box on the Ear.*] Husband! Is that your
Welsh Breeding? Ha'n't the Col. a Name of his own?

Cham. Well then, the Col. He us'd 'em this Morning,
and we ha'n't got 'em since.

Lure. How, the Col. use my Things! How dare the Col.
use any thing of mine?—But his Campaign Education
must be pardon'd—And I warrant they were fisted about
among his dirty Levee of Disbanded Officers?—Faugh!
The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager
Looks, Iron Swords, ty'd up Wigs, and tuck'd in Cravats,
make me sick as Death—Come let me see—[*Goes to take
the Chocolate, and starts back.*] Heav'n's protect me from
such a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you wash your Hands
last? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with
them dirty Fists of yours? [*Runs to the Glass*]—I must
dress all over again—Go, take it away, I shall swoon else.
—Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my Taylor; and d'ye hear?
You Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my Company be come to
Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. Remnant! I don't know what ails these Stays
you have made me; but something is the Matter, I don't
like 'em.

Rem. I am very sorry for that, Madam. But what Fault
does your Ladyship find?

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in short I
don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the Things are well e-
nough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?—

Lure. No.

Rem. Too straight, perhaps.

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but—Lard
bless me; can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem.

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Rem. Why truly, Madam, I can't tell?—But your Ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the Fashion.

Lure. How! Too slender for the Fashion, say you?

Rem. Yes, Madam! there's no such thing as a good Shape worn among the Quality: Your fine Wastes are clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays to the fashionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my Monkey—What d'ye think I wear Cloaths to please my self! Fit me! fit the Fashion, pray; no-matter for me——I thought something was the matter, I wanted Quality-Air——Pray, Mr. Remnant, let me have a Bulk of Quality, a spreading Countour. I do remember now, the Ladies in the Apartments, the Birth Night, were most of 'em two Yards about.—Indeed, Sir, if you contrive my Things any more with your scanty Chambermaid's Air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your Ladyship for the future.
[Exit.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Master desires——

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's sake hold: if thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco Breath of thine, I shall poyson the whole Drawing-Room. Stand at the Door pray, and speak.

[*Ser. goes to the Door and speaks.*]

Ser. My Master, Madam, desires——

Lure. Oh hideous! Now the Rascal bellows so loud, that he tears my Head to pieces.—Here, Aukwardness, go take the Booby's Message, and bring it to me.

[*Maid goes to the Door, whispers and returns.*]

Cham. My Master desires to know how your Ladyship rested last Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Visit this Morning?

Lure. Ay——Why this is civil——'Tis an insupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Husbands to good Breeding.

Enter

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good-morrow, dearest Angel. How have you rested last Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Col! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bless me, Sir! Will you never be reclaim'd from your slovenly Campaign Airs? 'Tis the most unmannerly thing in Nature to make a sliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeness upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of Reception this, truly.—I'm very sorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet should create an Aversion to my Company: But for the future I shall honour your Ladyship's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*! Your Compliment, Sir, is very far fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no serious Disputes upon Trifles, since you know I never contend with you in Matters of Consequence. You are still Mistress of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more absolute in your Desires.—Come, clear your Brow of that uneasie Chagrin, and let that pleasing Air take place that first ensnar'd my Heart. I have invited some Gentlemen to Dinner, whose Friendships deserve a welcome Look. Let their Entertainment shew how bless'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the Love of so agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I suppose, are all Men of Quality.

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour! that is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, stain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I kept such Company; 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk so severely of my Friends — — But my Brother, my Dear, is just come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Respects to you.

Lure. Sir, I shall not be at Leisure to entertain a Person of his *Wapping* Education, I can assure you.

Enter

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Enter Parley, and whispers her.

Sir, I have some Business with my Woman; you may entertain your Sea Monster by your self; you may command a Dish of Pork and Pease, with a Bowl of Punch, I suppose; and so, Sir, much good may do you.—Come, Parley.

[Exeunt Lure, and Parley.]

Stand. Hell and Furies!

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart.—Where's your Wife, Brother?—Ho' now Man, what's the matter?—Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No.—I don't know—Hang it, I'm sorry that I invited you:—For you must know that my Wife is very much out of Order; taken dangerous ill of a sudden.—So that—

Fire. Pshaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm; breeding Children or breeding Mischief? Where is she, Man? Prithce let me see her; I long to see this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my Word she's very ill, and can't see any Body.

Fire. So ill that she can't see any Body! What, she's not in Labour sure! I tell you, I will see her.—Where is she?

[Looking about.]

Stand. No, no, Brother; she's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous sick, and gone out! so sick, that she'll see no body within, yet gone abroad to see all the World!—Ay, you have made your Fortunes with a Vengeance!—Then, Brother, you shall dine with me at *Locker's*; I hate these Family-Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to, O Lard, Madam; no Apology, dear Sir,—'Tis very good indeed, Madam.—For your self, dear Madam.—Where between the rub'd Floor under foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glasse in another, a Man can't make two strides without hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; coming, coming, Sir. Much Noise, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a

G

Horse,

Sir Harry Wildair; being

Horse, drink like a Fish, and swear like a Devil. Hang your Family-Dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, enter Banter; who seeing them, seems to retire.

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Business, pray Sir?

Ban. Perhaps, Sir; it may not be so proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as my self.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother; he has some Business with your Wife.

Ban. His Wife! Gad so! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handsome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monster about him; I wou'd fain see his Forehead tho' — Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Your's Sir. — But why d'ye stare so in my Face?

Ban. I was told, Sir, that the Lady Lucrewell's Husband had something very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brother.

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right; I have a cross Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable. — But pray, Sir, by what Marks are you to be known? [In his Ear.]

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and distinguish'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to Sir Harry Wildair; and I hope to inherit his Estate with his Humour, for his Wife I'm told, is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir! I'm your very humble Servant; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether so well; for what's Nature in him, looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh, Lord, Sir! 'tis rather Nature in me what is acquir'd by him; he's beholding to his Education for his Air: Now where d'yethink my Humour was establish'd?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At Oxford.

Stand. } At Oxford!

Fire. }

Ban. Ay: There have I been sucking my dear *Alma Ma-*

ter these seven Years : Yet in Defiance to Legs of Mutton, small Beer, crabbed Books, and four fac'd-Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Mistress, play at Piquet, or make a Paroli with any *Wildair* in *Christendom*. In short, Sir, in spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman.—Colonel, where's your Wife?

Fire. [Mimicking him.] In spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman.—Then Colonel, where is your Wife?—Hark ye, young *Plato*, Whether wou'd you have your Nose slit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. First tell me, Sir, which would you chuse, to be run through the Body, or shot through the Head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants shall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold: he's a Boy!

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Business upon Earth but to answer impertinent Questions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digest these six brawny Fellows for a Breakfast, their Master, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I receiv'd just now six Month's Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Scull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are so free of your Pay, get into the next Room: there you'll find some Company at Cards, I suppose, that you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my House protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the time will come.

[Exit.]

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boistrous Elements, the Wind and the Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no *Man*, being a *Ban*.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition. — But pray, Sir, have you seen your Brother since he came last over?

Ban. I han't seen my Brother these seven Years, and scarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Design of being in *London* very soon with a Desire of meeting me here. Upon this, I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, and came up to *London* to attend him, went to his House, but that was all in Sables for the Death of his Wife; there I was told that he design'd to change his Habitation, because he wou'd avoid all Remembrances that might disturb his Quiet. You are the first Person that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewise inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I suppose, Sir, this was the Business that occasion'd me the Honour of this Visit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater Consequence. You must know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thousand Lies in the University, yet I have learn'd to speak the Truth my self; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Visit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was design'd to the Lady *Lurewell*.

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell*, I say, Sir.

Stand. But I say, my Wife, Sir. — What!

Ban. Why look ye, Sir; you may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell*'s Husband; but you will never find in any Author, either ancient or modern, that she's call'd Mr. *Standard*'s Wife. 'Tis true, your a handsome young Fellow: she lik'd you, she marry'd you; and tho' the Priest made you all one Flesh, yet there's no small Distinction in your Blood. You are still a disbanded Colonel, and she is still a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young Fellow I ever met with in all my Life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Master of Arts, and I plead the privilege of my standing.

Enter

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Enter a Servant and whispers Banter.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below, says, he'll be gone unless you come presently.

Ban. I had forgot—— *Col.* your humble Servant; [Exit.

Stand. Sir, you must excuse me for not waiting on you down stairs.—— *An impudent young Dog.* [Exit another way.

SCENE changes to another Apartment in the same House.

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Monf. Marquis and Fireball, as losing Gamesters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.

Lure. Ruin'd! and Undone! Destr oy'd!

1 La. Oh Fortune! Fortune! Fortune!

2 La. What will my Husband say?

Monf. Oh *Malheur!* *Malheur!* *Malheur!*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have lost six Months Pay.

Monf. A hundred and ten Pistoles, sink me.

Fire. Sink you! sink me, that have lost two hundred and ten Pistoles.—— Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card?

Monf. Because me had lose by de Card tree times before.—— Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Morbleu!* *qui sa?*

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your setting the Cards; you us'd to *Taileé* with Success.

Monf. *Morbleu*, Madam, me nevre lose before: But dat Monsieur Sir *Arry*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is de Devil—— Vere is de Chevalier?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder.—— Go, go, be gone; and bethink your self of some Revenge.—— Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and seventy *Louis d'Ors!*—Toll dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, Gentlemen, any Body may dance to this Tune;—Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pound, the most elevated Piece of Musick that ever I heard in my Life; they are the prettiest Castagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money.*] Mrs. Parley—here's Hoods and Scarfs for you: [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, splendid Equipage, lovely Women, and victorious *Burgundy* for me.—Oh ye charming Angels! the Losers sorrow, and the Gainers joy: Get ye into my Pocket—now Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant—You'll excuse me, I hope; the small Devotion here that I pay to my good Fortune——Ho' now! Mute!——Why, Ladies, I know that Losers have leave to speak; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be dumb.—*Monsieur!* Ladies! Captain!

[*Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.*

Fire. Death and Hell! Why d'yestrike me, Sir?

[*Drawing.*

Wild. To comfort you, Sir.—Your Ear, Capt.—The King of *Spain* is dead!

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead!

Wild. Dead as *Julius Caesar*; I had a Letter on't just now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall [*Sings.*] Look ye, Sir, pray strike me again if you please.—See here, Sir, you have left me but one solitary Guinea in the World.

[*Puts it in his Mouth.*

Down it goes i'faith.——Allons for the *Thatch'd House* and the *Mediterranean*.——Tall dall de rall.

[*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha.—Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Luce. Bless me, Sir *Harry*! I was afraid of a Quarrel. I'm so much concern'd!

Wild. At the loss of your Money, Madam. / But why, why should the Fair be afflicted? Your Eyes, your Eyes, Ladies!

Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal Power with him, and can transform to Gold whate'er they please. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Soldier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Merchant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines for you. Your Eyes untie the Miser's knotted Purse. [*To one Lady.*] Melt into Coin the Magistrate's massy Chain.— Youth mints for your Hereditary Lands. [*To another.*]— And Gamesters only win when they can lose to you. [*To Lurewell.*]— This Luck is the most Rhetorical thing in Nature.

Lure. I have a great mind to forswear Cards as long as I live.

1 *La.* And I.

[*Exit.*

2 *La.* And I.

Crying, and Exit.

Wild. What, forswear Cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our Trade.— I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Basset-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Ministers of Fortune's Power, that blindly shuffle out her thoughtless Favours, and make a Knave more pow'rful than a King.— What Adoration do these Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card.*] from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here! And the pleasing Fears, the anxious Hopes and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Basset;— And then Ombre! Who can resist the Charms of Mattado's?

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; and then the *Sep's le Va, Quinze le Va, & Transe le Va!*

Wild. Right, right, Madam:

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbage, and Pam in Lanteraloo, Sir Harry!

Wild. Ay; Madam, these are Charms indeed— Then the pleasure of picking our Husband's Pocket over-night, to play at Basset next Day! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Necessity, by gaining a favour for fifty Pistoles, which a hundred Years Courtship cou'd never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir Harry, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, 'tis nothing but the Game; and I have play'd it so in France a hundred times.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three Words, that rather than forgo my Cards, I'll forswear my Visits, Fashions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There spoke the Spirit of true-born English Quality, with a true French Education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir Harry, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my Husband a large Fortune; he shall mortgage, or I will clope.

Wild. No, no, Madam! there's no occasion for that. See here, Madam!

Lure. What, the singing Birds; Sir Harry, let me see.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, these are but a few.—— But I cou'd wish, *de tout mon cœur, for quelque Commodité*, where I might be handsomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. Ah! *Chevalier! tous jour obligeant, engageant, & tout sa——*

Wild. *Allons, Allons, Madam, tout à votre service.*

[Pulls her.]

Lure. No, no, Sir Harry, not at this time o' day; you shall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a French Pocket-book, with some Remarks of my own upon the new way of making Love. Please to peruse it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening.

[Exit.]

Lure. [Opening the Book.] A French Pocket-book, with Remarks upon the new way of making Love! Then, Sir Harry is turning Author, I find.—— What's here?—— Hi, hi, hi. A Bank Bill for a hundred Pound.—— The new way of making Love!—— *Pardie c'est fort Gallant*-- One of the prettiest Remarks that ever I saw in my Life! Well now, that Wildair's a charming Fellow;— Hi, hi, hi,— He has such an Air and such a Turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a hundred home-bred Block-heads wou'd come.—— Madam, I'll give you a hundred Guineas if you'll let me.—— Faugh! hang their nauseous immodest Proceedings — Here's a hundred Pound now, and he never names the thing; I love an impudent Action with an Air of Modesty with all my Heart.

[Exit.]

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE continues.

Lurewell and Monsieur Marquis.

Lure. WELL, *Monsieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Monf. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why shou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? Ave not I de Personage? Ave I not de Understanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Basset better dan I? Den why should Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why? Because Fortune is blind.

Monf. Blind! Yes begar, and dum and deaf too, — Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature give de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Distribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, *Monsieur*?

Monf. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Monf. Begar, Madam. — Hi, hi, hi. — De Anglis man's dead Vife fall cuckold her Usband!

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead Woman cuckold her Husband!

Monf. Mark! Madam: We France-men make de Distinction between de Design and de Term of de Treaty. — She canno touch his Head, but she can cuckold his Pocket of ten tousan Livres.

Lure. Pray explain your self, Sir.

Monf. I have Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir *Harry*'s Wife in your Pocket!

Monf. Hold, Madam, dere is an autre Distinction between de Design and de Term of de Treaty.

Lure.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Distinctions, but speak plain.

Monf. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but Distinction upon his Tongue.—— See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir Arry's Wife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is't possible?

Monf. Voyez.

Lure. The very same, and finely drawn. Pray, *Monsieur*, how did you purchase it?

Monf. As me did purchase de Picture, so me did gain de Substance, de dear, dear Substance, by de mon Mien, de France Air, chantant, charmant, de Politique à la Tate, and dancant à la Pie.

Lure. Lord bleis me! How cunningly some Women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more virtuous than my self.—— Here was such a Work with my Lady Wildair's Piety! my Lady Wildair's Conduct! and my Lady Wildair's Fidelity, forsooth! Now, dear *Monsieur*, you have infallibly told me the best News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and she was but one of us! heh!

Monf. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no scandalize de Dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture say noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Distinctions; I'm sure it was so. I wou'd have given the World for such a Story of her while she was living. She was charitable, forsooth! and she was devout, forsooth! and every body was twitted i'th' Teeth with my Lady Wildair's Reputation: And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and her Discretion? She goes to Church twice a Day.—— Ah!! I hate these Congregation-Women. There's such a Fuss and such a Clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more Noise than all the Bells in the Parish.—— Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Monf. De Advantage of ten thousand Livres, parde.—— *Attendez vous*, Madam. Dis Lady she die at *Monspelier* in France; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat she dye in dat City, and dat she send me dis Picture

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as a Legacy, wid a thousand base mains to de dear Marquis,
de charmant Marquis, mon cœur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Discretion!
here was Fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, hi.—
Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Mons. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the French Politick.

Mons. Never to tell a Secret to a Voman.—— Ma-
dam, je seu votre serviteur. [Runs off.]

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we sha'n't part so; I will have it.
[Follows.]

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! Look! Look you there, Brother!
See how they coquet it! Oh! there's a Look! there's a
Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! Ay, now the Marquis
is at it. *Mon cœur, may foy, pardie, allons:* Don't you see
how the French Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the
Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [Walking in Disorder.] Where's my Reason?
Where's my Philosophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir
—— Blood! I say, Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why stab him, stab him now.—— *Italian, Spaniard,*
I say.

Stand. Stab him! Why Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears
a thousand Heads; and tho' I should cut this one off, the
Monster still wou'd sprout. Must I murder all the Fops in
the Nation? and to save my Head from Horns, expose my
Neck to the Halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and cuff?—— Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Nose of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Crevats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horses.

Stand. A noble Plot.—— But now it's laid, how shall we
put it in Execution? for not one of these Fellows stirs a-
bout

bout without his Guard du Corps. Then they're stout as Heroes; for I can assure you, that a Beau with six Footmen shall fight you any Gentleman in *Christendom*.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiss your Hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll shew you how to manage a Beau presently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a simple inoffensive Fellow, that will rather make us *Diversiſion*.

Fire. *Diversiſion!* Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for *Diversiſion*.

Stand. No, no; prithee be quiet; I gave him a Surfeit of Intriguing some Months ago before I was marry'd.—— Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A Fellow of a strange Weathercock Head; very hard, but as light as the Wind; constantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up some Humour or other out of the publick Revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the Travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occasions; but lately, since the new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has possess'd him, and he runs stark mad after News and Politics.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, News, Col. great—— Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a kind of suspicious Air.—— Your Ear, Col.—— The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News. *[Whispering.]*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha.—— And why d'ye whisper it for a Secret?

Clin. Odso! faith that's true—— But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand.

Stan
Baltick
Clin
obedie
Nay,
tell us
Well,
dron o
then?
Fire
Clin
foolish
How
what
Fire
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Well,
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F

Stand. My Brother Fireball, just come home from the *Baltick*.

Clin. Odso! Noble Captain, I'm your most humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Forecastle.— May, a Kiss. o' t'other side, pray.— Now, dear Captain, tell us the News.— Odso! I'm so pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain— You sail'd a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick*.— Well, and what then? eh!

Fire. Why then— we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith? — Foolish! foolish! very foolish! a right Sea-Captain — But what did you do? How did you fight? What Storms did you meet? And what Whales did you see?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coast of *Fusland*.

Clin. *Fusland*! Ay, that's Part of *Portugal*, — Well, and so; — you enter'd the *Sound*; — and you maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith. — And then that pretty, dear, sweet, pretty King of *Sweden*! What Sort of Man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and slender.

Clin. Tall and slender! Much about my Pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not so gross, not altogether so low.

Clin. No! I'm sorry for't; very sorry, indeed. —

[*Here Parley enters and stands at the Door; Clincher beckens her with his Hands behind, going backwards, and speaking to her and the Gentlemen by turns.*] Well, and what more? And so you bombarded *Copenhagen*, — (Mrs. Parley) — Whiz, slap went the Bombs. (Mrs. Parley) — And so — Well, not altogether so gross, you say — (Here's a Letter, you Jade.) — Very tall, you say? Is the King very tall? — Here's a Guinea, you Jade.) — [*She takes the Letter, and the Col. observes him.*] Hem! hem! Col. I'm mightily troubled with the Pryfick of late. — Hem! hem! A strange Stoppage of my Breast here. Hem! But now it is off again. — Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you one Piece that all the World knows, and still you are a Stranger to it.

Clin. Bless me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clin.

Clin. Eh! Witty, witty Sea-Captain. Odsso! And? wonder, Captain, that your Understanding did not split your Ship to Pieces.

Fire. Why so, Sir?

Clin. Because, Sir, it is so very shallow, very shallow. There's Wit for you, Sir—

Enter Parley, who gives the Col. a Letter.

Odsso! A Letter! Then there's News.—What, is it the Foreign Post? What News, dear Col. what News? Hark ye, Mrs. Parley.

[He talks with Parley while the Col. reads the Letter.]
Stand, The Son of a Whore! Is it he?

[Looks at Clincher.]

[Reads.] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, lest I should violate the Work of your fair Hands.—[Oh! fulsome Pop.] I therefore with the Warmth of my Kisses thaw'd it a-sunder. [Ay, here's such a Turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!] I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have some Pacquets upon that Affair to send my Correspondent in Wales; but I shall wave all Business, and hasten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying-Post.

Yours,

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. Toby.—Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife!

Fire. S'death! let me tear him to Pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locker's*, and invent some Way or other to fuddle him.—Here, Mr. Clincher, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a particular Account of the whole Voyage to the Sound by his own Journal, if you please to honour him with your Company at *Locker's*.

Clin. His own Journal! Odsso, let me see it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire!

the Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee. 33

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for News—[Reads.] Thursday, August the 17th, from the 6th at Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courses per Traverse, true Course protracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North 45 Degrees, West 60 Miles, Difference of Latitude 42 Miles, Departure West 40 Miles, Latitude per Judgment 54 Degrees 13 Minutes, Meridian distance current from the bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is 88 Miles.—Odso! Great News Faith—Let me see. At Noon broke our Main-top-Sail-yard, being rotten in the Slings; two Whales Southward.—Odso! A Whale! Great News, Faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? With this Provifo, Gentlemen, That I won't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I shall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the—

Fire. A fine Lady! Ah the Rogue!

[Aside.]

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Colonel, a very fine Lady—Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[Exeunt Fireball and Clincher.]

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parley, how go the rest of our Affairs?

Par. Why, worse and worse, Sir; here's more Mischief still, more Branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir Harry Wildair's Brother, has commenc'd his Suit, and fee'd Council already—Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Case now, that a Man must give four Guineas for the good News of his Dishonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Men's Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honest: But this is making a Man's Fortune!—Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Business goes on.

Par. But suppose the Business be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; she ha'n't seen him yet; and her Pride will preserve her against the first Assaults. Besides, I sha'n't stay.

[Exeunt Col. and Par.]

SCENE

SCENE changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter Wildair and Lurewell.

Lure. Well now, Sir *Harry*, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe I think 'tis the best penn'd Piece I have seen a great while, I don't know any of our Authors have writ in so florid and genteel a Style.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving.—Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in Expressions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with *Rapfodies* of Flames and Darts, and barren Sighs and Tears, their speaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer's* time, perhaps, have pass'd for Love; but now, 'tis only such as I can touch that noble Passion, and by the true, perswasive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Style of *Louis-d'Ors*, can raise the ravish'd Female to a Rapture.—In short, Madam, I'll match *Conly* in Softness, o'er-top *Milton* in Sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and Dr. *Swan* in Quibbling, by the Help of that most ingenious Society, call'd, the Bank of England.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*, I begin to hate that old thing call'd Love; they say 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, no Body wears it: And here too; Honesty went out with the slash'd Doublets, and Love with the close-body'd Gowns. Love! 'Tis so obsolete, so mean, and out of Fashion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miserable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad—Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha—The best Emblem in the World.—Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down.—Love!—Ay, methinks I see the mournful *Malpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madness, and her Mouth full of Nonsense.—Oh! hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Complaints, the Daggers, the Poysons!

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild.

Wild. Then a Man must kneel, and a Man must swear—
There is a Repose, I see, in the next Room. [*Aside.*]

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the most unnatural thing in the World;
as fulsome as a Sack-Poffet, [*Pulling her towards the Door.*]
ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked
Statue was in the Park. [*Pulls her again.*]

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; I hate Love that's impudent.
These Poets dress it up so in their Tragedies, that no modest
Woman can bear it. Your Way is much the more tolerable, I must confess.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and
Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance.

[*Pulling her.*]
Lure. Truly so it does— Hang their Impudence. But
where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. [*Pulls her in.*]

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [*Lurewell comes back.*]

Lure. Pshaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been
my Husband how—Pshaw!—Very familiar, Sir.

[*Banter takes up Wildair's Hat, that
was dropt in the Room.*]

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat.

Lure. Discover'd too by a Stranger!—What shall I do?

Wild. [*From within.*—Madam, you have got the most
confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Colonel to write
the Supercriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bless me, Sir Harry! Don't you know that the
Colonel can't write French? Your time is so precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of *Roan* or *Paris*?

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary;
he understands the Intrigues of most Courts in
Europe they say.

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. Here, Madam, I presume, 'tis right.—

P

This.

This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam? —
Dem him.

[Aside.

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same Father, born of the same Mother, Brother Kindred and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey-day! How the Fellow strings his Genealogy? — Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to Tom-Thumb for ought I know; but if you are my Brother, I cou'd have wish'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer.

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at Oxford, with your Commands to meet you in London; and if you can remember your own Hand, there 'tis.

[Gives a Letter.

Wild. [Looking over the Letter.] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me consider you a little. — By Jupiter a pretty Boy, a very pretty Boy; a handsome Face, good Shape, [Walks about and views him.] well dress'd. — The Rogue has got a Leg too. — Come kiss me, Child. — Ay, he kisses like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip. — Can'st thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monsieur.

Lure. Hey-day! French too! Why sure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at Oxford!

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in London. — Brother, I have some Affairs of Consequence to communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you. Sir Harry, you'll stay Supper?

[Exit,

Wild. Assurance, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both stay.

Wild. Both! — Sir, I'll send you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I shall find better Mutton-Commons by messing with you, Brother. — Come, Sir Harry: If you stay, I stay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow. — Why, Sirrah, hast thou any Thoughts of being my Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me; you shou'd keep a Pack of Wenches o'purpose to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in me is certain

Poverty

Poverty to you? Look ye, Sirrah, come along; and for my Disappointment just now, if you don't get me a new Mistress to-night, I'll marry to-morrow, and won't leave you a Great. — Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother.

[Pushes him out, and Exit.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, A Tavern.

Enter Fireball, hauling in Clincher.

Fire. Come, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuse me. Look here, Sir; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, Faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir. — Sir, your humble Servant. [*Going.*]

Fire. Well! The Death of this *Spanish* King will —

Clin. [*Returning*] Eh! What's that of the *spanish* King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old Don Carlos is dead.

Clin. Dead; — Nay, then [*Sits down.*] — Here, Pen and Ink, Boy; Pen and Ink presently; I must write to my Correspondent in *Wales* Strait — Dead!

[*Rises, and walks about in Disorder.*]

Fire. What's the matter, Sir?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, stark mad with Politicks.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have such Fools as you to do with Politicks?

Clin. What, Sir? The Succession. — Not mind the Succession!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis settled upon a Prince of *France*.

Clin. What, settled already! — The best News that ever

D 2

came

came into England—Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a Health to the Succession.

Fire. Burn the Succession, Sir. I won't drink it—What, drink Confusion to our Trade, Religion and Liberties!

Clin. Ay, by all means.——As for Trade, d'ye see? I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. These Tradersmen are the most impudent Fellows we have, and spoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly!——And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi—Religion!——And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion, pray?——And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion! That's pleasant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. Pshaw! Liberties! That's a Jest. We Beaux shall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for.——

Enter Standard!

Dear Colonel; the rarest News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil Question, truly!

Stand. Here, Boy, bring in the Brandy——Fill.

Clin. This is a Piece of Politicks that I don't so well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws.*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, ay, this comes o'the Succession; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand. Drink, Sir, I say——Brother, manage him, I must be gone. [*Aside to Fireball, and Exit.*]

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land!——Look ye, Gentlemen, if I must be poyson'd, pray let me chuse my own Dose——Were I a Lord now, I shou'd have the Privilege of the Block, and as I'm a Gentleman,

the Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee.

tleman, pray stifle me with Claret at least! don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy! you Dog, abuse Brandy! Flat Treason against the Navy-Royal.—Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuse the Fleet—Here, *Shark*.

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and press this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub*.

Sha. Ay, Master.

[*Exit.*

Clin. What! aboard the *Belzebub*! — Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuse to go to the Devil this Way. Here, Sir, your good Health; — and my own Confusion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimstone! and Tobacco!

[*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then.—Take the Glass, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadside! nay then, I'm sunk downright.—Dear Captain, give me Quarter, consider the present Juncture of Affairs; you'll spoil my Head, ruin my Politicks; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark*.

Clin. Well, well I will drink.—The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks.*] Whiz, buz. Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breast; and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron.—Eh! Bless me, how the Ship rouls!—I can't stand upon my Legs, Faith.—Dear Captain, give me a Kiss.—Ay, burn the Succession.—Look ye, Captain, I shall be Sea-sick presently.

[*Falls into Fireball's Arms,*

Enter Shark, and another with a Chair.

Fire. Here in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir—Avaft, avast,—Here, Boy.—No Nants left.—

[*Tops the Glass,*

Fire. Bring him along.

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy, Politicks.

SCENE

SCENE changes to Lurewell's Apartment.

Enter Lurewell and Parley.

Lure. Did you ever see such an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter*? He follow'd his Brother up and down from place to place so very close, that we cou'd not so much as whisper.

Par. I reckon, Sir *Harry* will dispose of him now, Madam, where he may be secur'd, — But I wonder, Madam, why *Clincher* comes not according to his Letter! 'tis near the Hour.

Lure. I wish, *Parley*, that no Harm may befall me to-day; for I had a most frightful Dream last Night; I dreamt of a Mouse.

Par. 'Tis strange, Madam, you shou'd be so much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no Harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us some daring Fright. — I now hate a Mouse; my Lady *Lovecards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fiddlefan* can't bear a Squirrel; the Countess of *Piquet* abominates a Frog; and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter Marquis running.

Mar. Madam! Madam! Madam! Pardie voyez.

— L'Argent! L'Argent! [Shews a Bag of Money.]

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it — Well, but how! How, dear Monsieur?

Man. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monsieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau — Voyez, Madam; me did tell him dat my Brother in *Montpelier* did furnise his Lady wid ten rousan Livres for de expence of her Travaille; and dat she not being able to write when she was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Husband. Mark ye!

Lure. The best Plot in the World — You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *France*, when her Bills, I suppose, were delay'd — you put in that, I presume.

Mar. Ouy, ouy, Madam.

Lure.

Lure. And that upon her Death-Bed she gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that she had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother sent over to you, with Commission to receive the Debt!

Mar. Assurance. — Dere was de *Politique*, de *France Politique*! — See, Madam, what he can do, de *France Marquis*! He did make de *Anglise Lady* cuckold her Husband when she was living, and sheat him when she was dead, *Begar*: Ha, ha, ha. — Oh! *Pardie*, cet bon.

Lure. Ah! But what did Sir *Harry* say?

Mar. Oh! *begar* *Monfieur Chevalier* he love his Wife; he say, dat if she takes up a hundre tousand *Livres*, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he say, and order me de Money from his *Stewar* — Oh *notre Dame*? *Monfieur Sir Arty* be one *Dupe*.

Lure. Well but, *Monfieur*, I long to know one thing. Was the Conquest you made of his Lady so easie? What Assaults did you make? And what Resistance did she shew?

Mar. Resistance against de *France Marquis*! Voyez, Madam; dare was tree deux-yeux, one *Serenade*, an' two *Capre*; dat was all, *begar*.

Lure. *Chatillionte*! There's nothing in Nature so sweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story. — Well, *Monfieur*! 'tis about a thousand Pound; we go Snacks.

Mar. *Snacke*! *Perdie*, for what? why *Snacke*, Madam! Me vill give you de Present of fifty *Lious d'Ors*; dat is ver' good *Snacke* for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? — Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes, *begar*, 'tis ver' well — *Confidre*, Madam, me be de poor *Rufugé*, me 'ave noting but de religious *Charite* and de *France Politique*, de Fruit of my own Address, dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity, with a thousand Pound in his Fist! Emh! Oh *Monfieur*; that's my Husband, I know his knock. [*Knocking below.*] He must not see you. Get into the Closet till by and by, [*Hurries him in.*] and if I don't be reveng'd upon your *France Politique*, then have I no *English Politique*. — Hang the Money! I wou'd not for
twice

twice a thousand Pound fobear abusing this virtuous Woman to her Husband,

Enter Parley.

Par. 'Tis Sir Harry, Madam.

Lure. As I cou'd wish. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. Parley, in the first place I sacrifice *Louis d' Or* to thee for good luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child; *French Money* is always most successful in Bribes, and very much in fashion, Child.

Enter Dicky, and runs to Sir Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own Night-Caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick. Sir, Sir! shall I order your Chair to the back Door by five a Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone.—
[*Dicky runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have secur'd my Brother, you have dispos'd of the Colonel, and we rail at Love till we ha'n't a Word more to say.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry.—Please to sit a little, Sir.—You must know I'm in a strange Humour of asking you some Questions.—How did you like your Lady, pray Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha.—So very well, faith, that for her very sake I'm in love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony please you extremely?

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir Harry! This is Raillery. But your serious Thoughts upon the Matter, pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I marry'd by chance; she was virtuous by chance, and I lov'd her by great chance: Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air; and Fortune threw a young Fellow of five and twenty in her Lap.—
I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night, she was my

Mistress

Mistress one Day; and my Wife another: I found in one the Variety of a thousand, and the very Confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleasure of Change.

Lure. And she was very virtuous.

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know she was Beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, sparkling Wit in her Forehead, and sprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. Pshaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't answer my Question, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, she was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my Estate gave me a Lustre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleasures circled without end.

Lure. Golden Pleasures! Golden Fiddlesticks. What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was she virtuous, I say?

Wild. Ready to burst with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. *[Aside.]* So, Madam, I powder'd to please her, she dress'd to engage me! we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonsense, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Play-house, and all the Night. — Hem!

Lure. Look ye, Sir, answer my Question, or I shall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never such a Pattern of Unity. — Her Wants were still prevented by my Supplies; my own Heart whisper'd me her Desires, 'cause she herself was there; no Contention ever rose, but the dear Strife of who shou'd most oblige; no Noise about Authority: for neither wou'd stoop to command, 'cause both thought it Glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff! stuff! stuff! — I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoak of Matrimony, because our Inclinations made us one; a Power superior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had lost its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before; Then —

Lure. Hold, Hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir Harry, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Affronted!

Lure. Yes, Sir; 'tis an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended; and I will resent it. In short, Sir Harry, your Wife was a

Wild. Buz, Madam. No Detraction. I'll tell you what she was. So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I saw another in her Arms, I shou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conscious Reason had giv'n my Eyes the Lie.

Lure. Very well! Then I a'n't to be believ'd it seems. But d'yehear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you, 'tis not in the power of Malice to cast a Blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conspir'd both against her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable.

[Stopping his Ears.

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you shall hear it.

—The Picture! the Picture! the Picture!

[Bawling aloud.

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Pistol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lure. That Picture which you had just now from the French Marquis, for a thousand Pound; that very Picture did your very virtuous Wife send to the Marquis as a Pledge of her very virtuous and dying Affection. So that you are both rob'd of your Honour; and cheated of your Money.

[Aloud.

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt; I know it, I'll swear it. She virtuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. [Sings.] Tal, la, l, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like seen! He won't hear me— I burst with Malice, and now he won't mind me!— Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [Bursts out a crying.

—Sir, I must say that you're an unworthy Person, to use a Woman of Quality as this rate, when she has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me miscarry,

Sir,

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Sir, I say again and again, that she was no better than one of us, and I know it, I have seen it with my Eyes, so I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beseech thee. How shall I 'scape?

Lure. Will you hear me yet? Dear, Sir *Harry*, do but hear me; I'm longing to speak.

Wild. Oh! I have it.—Hush, hush, hush.

Lure. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A Mouse! a Mouse! a Mouse!

Lure. Where? where? where?

Wild. Your Petticoats, your Petticoats, Madam.

[*Lure. shrieks and runs.*]

Wild. O my Head! I was never worsted by a Woman before.—But I have heard so much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay then, I must run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*]—The Entry is stopt by a Chair coming in; and something there is in that Chair that I will discover, if I can find a Place to hide my self. [*Goes to the Closet door.*] Fast! I have Keys about me for most Locks about *St. James's*.—Let me see.—[*Tries one Key.*]—No, no; this opens my Lady *Planshorn's* Back-door.—[*Tries another.*]—Nor this; this is the Key to my Lady *Stakeall's* Garden. [*Tries a third.*] Ay, ay, this does it, Faith. [*Goes into the Closet, and peeps out.*]

Enter Shark and another, with Clincher in a Chair;
Parley.

Par. Hold, hold, Friend; who gave you Orders to lug in your dirty Chair into the House?

Sha. My Master, Sweetheart.

Par. Who is your Master, Impudence?

Sha. Every body, Sawce-box.—And for the present here's my Master! and if you have any thing to say to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs Clincher out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*] Steer away, Tom.

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilee*, is it you?

Par. Bless me! the Gentleman's dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me! What's the matter, *Clincher*?

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh! then 'tis well enough. — Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well! certainly I'm the most unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Designs, all my Intrigues, miscarry. — Faugh! the Beast! But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. Shark!

Lure. What shall we do with him, *Paxley*? If the Colonel should come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh inevitable Destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the World can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! What's here? Who are you, Sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam! — Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And such as he are all those Top-Gallants that daily haunt my House, ruin your Honour, and disturb my Quiet. — I urge not the sacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earnest Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Case in equal Ballance; and see whose Merit bears the greater weight, his or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Colonel.

Stand. Suppose your self freely disingag'd, unmarried, and to make a choice of him you thought most worthy of your Love; Would you prefer a Brute? a Monkey? one destin'd only for the Sport of Man? — Yes; take him to your Bed; there let the Beast disgorge his tulforn Load in your

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your fair, lovely Bosom, snore out his Passion in your soft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his sick Debauch, perfume your sweet Apartment.

Lure. Ah nauseous! nauseous! Poyson!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to set a value on my self: But when compar'd to him, there Modesty must stoop, and Indignation give my Words a loose, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemish'd in my Honour, have nobly serv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I should think so too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as He, my Person too as fair to outward view; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd distinguish right, and therefore made a choice of you.—Your Sex have blest'd our Isle with Beauty, by distant Nations priz'd; and cou'd they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as they the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ah, now he coaxes.—He will conquer unless I relieve her in time; she begins to melt already.

Stand. And to all this, I love you next to Heav'n; and by that Heav'n I swear, the constant Study of my Days and Nights have been to please my dearest Wife. Your Pleasure never met controul from me, nor your Desires a Frown.—I never mention'd my distrust before, nor will I now wrong your Discretion, so as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man! *[Weeps.]*

Wild. Nay, then 'tis time for me; I will relieve her.—
[He steals out of the Closet, and coming behind Standard, claps him on the Shoulder.] Colonel your humble Servant.—

Stand. Sir Harry, how came you hither?

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow! thou hast got thy Load with a Witness; but the Wine was humming strong; I have got a touch on't my self. *[Reels a little.]*

Stand. Wine, Sir Harry! What Wine?

Wild. Why 'twas new Burgundy, heady Stuff. But the Dog was soon gone, knock'd under presently.

46 Sir Harry Wildair; being

Stand. What, then Mr. Clincher was with you, it seems Eh!

Wild. Yes faith, we have been together all this Afternoon; 'Tis a pleasant foolish Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on pretence of hearing all the News from the Jubilee. The Humour was new to me; so to't we went. — But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb! two or three Bumpers did his Business — Ah, Madam! What do I deserve for this? [*Aside to Lurewell.*]

Lure. Look ye there, Sir; you see how Sir Harry has clear'd my Innocence. — I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir; but I must leave you to make it out. [*To Wild. and Ex.*]

Stand. Yes, yes; he has clear'd you wonderfully. — But pray, Sir — I suppose you can inform me how Mr. Clincher came into my House? Eh!

Wild. Ay: Why you must know that the Fool got presently as drunk as a Drum; so I had him tumbld into a Chair, and order'd the Fellows to carry him home. Now you must know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Boobies, it seems, mistook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O, yes; sad Loggerheads, to mistake a Door in James Street for a House in Covent-Garden — Here.

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute.

[*Servants carry off Clincher.*]

And you say 'twas new Burgundy, Sir Harry, very strong.

Wild. 'Egad, there's some trick in this Matter, and I shall be discover'd. [*Aside.*] Ay, Colonel; but I must be gone: I'm engag'd to meet — Colonel, I'm your humble Servant. [*Going.*]

Stand. But Sir Harry? where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleu! These Hats, Gloves, Canes and Swords, are the ruin of all our Designs. [*Aside.*]

Stand. But where's your Hat, Sir Harry?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any thing about me but what is just bound to my Body. How shall I come off? — Hark ye, Colonel, in your Ear; I would not have your

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your Lady hear it — You must know, just as I came into the Room here, what shou'd I spy but a great Mouse running a-crofs that Clofet-door, I took no notice, for fear your Lady should be frightened, but with all my force (d'ye see) I flung my Hat, at it, and so threw it into the Clofet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the Mouse, you flung your Hat into that Clofet.

Wild. Ay, Ay; that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir Harry, I'll bring it out.

[Goes into the Clofet.]

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty Lies in a Breath.

Stand. Sir Harry! Is this the Mouse that you threw your Hat at?

[Standard comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and hawling in the Marquis with the other.]

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monsieur Marquis, as for your part, I shall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his Throat first.

Mar. Wat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Messieurs, I have but one Troat.

Enter Parley, and runs to Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent; he came upon another Design. My Lady begins to be penitent, and if you make any Noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Confidence in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the Power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour: But I am bound to guard her Reputation, so that no Attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal: Therefore, Gentlemen, let me tell you, 'tis time to desist.

[Exit.]

Wild. Ay, ay; so 'tis faith. Come, Monsieur, I must talk with you, Sir.

[Exeunt:]

ACT V.

SCENE, Standard's House.

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. IN short, Brother, a Man may talk till Doomsday of Sin, Hell, and Damnation; But your Rhetorick will ne'er convince a Lady that there's any thing of a Devil in a handsome Fellow with a fine Coat. You must shew the Cloven-foot, expose the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Virtue sleeps, her Pride will surely take th' Alarm.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you sent him away.—

Stand. No, no; the Fool has serv'd my turn, without the Scandal of a publick Resentment; and the Effect has shewn that my Design was right; I've touch'd her very Heart, and she relents apace.

Enter Lurewell running.

Lure. Oh! My Dear, save me! I'm frighted out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you?

[Draws his Sword and stands before her.]

Lure. Oh, Sir! A Ghost! A Ghost! I have seen it twice.

Fire. Nay then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghosts; send for the Parson. *[Sheathes his Sword.]*

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Colonel! I'll never lie alone again; I'm frighted to Death; I saw it twice; twice it stalk'd by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice utter'd a piteous Groan.

Stand.

[Starts.] This is strange! Ghosts by Day-light! — Come, my Dear, along with me; don't shrink, we'll see to find this Ghost. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Wildair, Marquis, and Dicky.

Wild. Dicky!

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thousand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a *French Gentleman*?

Mar. Ouy, *Monsieur Dicky*, you remembre de Gentleman, he was one *Marquis*.

Dick. *Marqui*, Sir! I think, for my part, that all the Men in *France* are *Marqui's*. We met above a thousand *Marqui's*, but the Devil a one of 'em cou'd lend a thousand Pence, much less a thousand Pound.

Mar. Morbleu, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien?

Wild. Hold, Sir, pray answer me one Question? What made you fly your Country?

Mar. My Religion, *Monsieur*.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*; and are a downright Atheist in *England*? A very tender Conscience truly!

Mar. Begar, *Monsieur*, my Conscience be de ver' tender; he no suffer not his *Mastre* to starve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *Francois*, *Monsieur*?

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *English*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is de *Anglis-Man* now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecout, *Monsieur Sir Arty* — Voyez sa — De *France* *Marquis* scorn de Law. My Broder lend your Wife de Money, and here is my Witness.

[Draws.]

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very positive, and shall be examin'd: But this is no place to try the Cause; we'll cross the Park into the Fields; you shall throw down the Money be-

between us, and the best Title, upon a fair Hearing, shall take it up.—Allons!

Mar. Oh! De tout mon cœur.—Allons! Fient à la gate, begar.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, Lurewell's Apartment.

Enter Lurewell and Parley.

Lure. Pshaw! I'm such a frightful Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy—Come, *Parley*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it. Sir *Harry* shall know what a Wife he had, I'm resolv'd. Tho' he wou'd not hear me speak, he'll read my Letter sure.

[*Sits down to write.*]

Ghost. [*From within.*—Hold.

Lure. Protect me!—*Parley*, don't leave me.—But I won't mind it.

Ghost. Hold.

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought so, Madam.

Lure. It call'd, hold. I'll venture once more.

[*Sits down to write.*]

Ghost. Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now 'tis plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins! What is it?

Ghost enters, Lurewell and Parley shriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.

Ghost. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*, Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate her Fame.

Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load
With scandalous Reproach the Grave of Innocence.

Repent, vain Woman!

Thy Matrimonial Vow is register'd above,
And

the Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee. 51

And all the Breaches of that solemn Faith
Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn
thee to repent.

Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Husband's Bed,
Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

[*Stalks off.*

[*Lurewell swoons, and Parley supports her.*

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. Bless us! What, fainting! What's the matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir! We're frightened to Death; here has been
the Ghost again.

Stand. Ghost! Why you're mad, sure! What Ghost?

Par. The Ghost of *Angelica*, Sir *Harry Wildair's* Wife.

Stand. *Angelica*!

Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows
what, and murder'd my Mistress with mere Morals.

Fire. A good hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parley*.

[*Parley leads out Lurewell.*

What can this mean Brother?

Fire. The meaning's plain. There's a design of Com-
munication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; so his Wife
is come to forbid the Banes, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to be-
lieve the walking of Ghosts, I rather fancy that the rattle-
headed Fellow her Husband has broke the poor Lady's
Heart; which, together with the indignity of her Burial,
has made her uneasy in her Grave.—— But whatever
be the cause, its fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and
inform him.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE

SCENE, the Park.

Company walking; Wildair and Marquis passing hastily over the Stage, one calls.

Lord. Sir Harry.

Wild. My Lord? — Monsieur, I'll follow you, Sir.
[Exit Marquis.]

Lo. I must talk with you, Sir.

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very short, for I was never in more haste in my Life.

Lo. May I presume, Sir, to enquire the Cause that detain'd you so late last Night at my House?

Wild. More Mischief again! — Perhaps, my Lord, I may not presume to inform you.

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't Frown; it spoils your Face. — But if you must know, your Lady owes me two hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will presume to extort from your Lordship.

Lo. Two hundred Guineas! Have you any thing to shew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I shew'd Quint and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour, that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this won't pass upon me; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha! — 'Tis very strange! That some Men, tho' their Education be never so Gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding! — Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governors, and convers'd only with old Cicero, Livy, Virgil, Pindarch, and the like, why then such a Man was a Villain, and such a one was a Man of Honour: But now, that I have known the Court a little of what they call the Beaumonde, and the Bellesprit, I find that Honour looks as ridiculous as Roman Buskins upon your Lordship, or my full Peruke upon Scipio Africanus.

Lo. Why shou'd you think so, Sir?

Wild. Because the Word's improv'd, my Lord; and we find that this Honour is a very troublesome and impertinent Thing.

Thing.—— Can't we live together like good Neighbours and Christians, as they do in *France*? I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I sup with you; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with mine—— Honour! that's such an Impertinence!—— Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think of murdering your Friend's Reputation? Making a Jest of his Misfortunes? Cheating him at Cards? debauching his Bed, or the like?

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Pish! Pish! Nothing but good Manners, Excess of good Manners. Why, you han't been at Court lately. There 'tis they only Practice to shew our Wit and Breeding.—— As for instance, Your Friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good Manners; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at Piquet, to shew he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to shew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In short, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of things. Shou'd a Man with a handsome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White, Chaves, Morris, Locket, Pawlet* and *Pontack*; were utterly ruin'd.

Lo. How so, Sir?

Wild. Because, my Lord, you must run all their Customers quite through the Body. Were it not for abusing your Men of Honour, Taverns and Chocolate-Houses cou'd not subsist; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal, and false Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound.—— Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for shame; your Honour is safe enough, for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket.

[Runs off.]

Lo. Sir, I shall meet you another time.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Enter Marquis with a Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.

Mar. Sa, sa, sa, sient a la Tate. Sa, Embaracade; Quart sur redouble. Hey!

Enter

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha; the Devil! Must I fight with a Tumbler? These *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons! Allons! Stripe, stripe.

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never strip to engage a Man; I fight as I dance.—Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie.

[Lays down the Bag between 'em.]

Allons!

Enter Dicky, and gives Wildair a Gun.

Morbleu! que sa?

Wild. Now, Monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll shoot you through the Head.—*Dicky*, take up the Money and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: And if my Master be kill'd, the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your *French* Politique, now? Come, Monsieur, you must know I scorn to fight any Man for my own: but now we're upon the Level; and since you have been at the trouble of putting on your Habilliments, I must requite your Pains. So come on, Sir.

[Lays down the Gun, and uses his Sword.]

Mar. Come on! For wát? Wen de Money is gone! De *France-man* fight where dere is no Profit! Pardonnez moy, pardie.

[Sits down to pull off his Pumps.]

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir; you must fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture?

Mar. *[Starting up.]* Wyden, begar, Monsieur Chevalier, since de Money be gone, me will speak de veritie;—Pardie, Monsieur, me did make de Cuckle of you, and your Vife send me de Picture for my Pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd shake Hands immediately, and be Friends: But as I believe you to be a vain scandalous Lyar, I'll cut your Throat. *[They fight.]*

Enter

Enter Standard and Fireball, who part 'em.

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.—Brother, secure the Marquis.—Come, Sir *Harry*, put up; I have something to say to you very serious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of Humour, and want something to make me laugh.

[*As they talk, Marquis dresses, and helps him.*]

Stand. Will what's very serious make you laugh?

Wild. Most of all.

Stand. Pshaw! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me what made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it.—Pray, Colonel, what makes you stay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray answer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild. Why then, Colonel, you must know we were a Pair of the most happy, toying, foolish People in the World, till she got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealousy in her Head. This made her frumpish; but we had ne'er an angry Word: She only fell a crying over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning.—But pray no more on't.—Are you hurt, Monsieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be serious when I tell you that her Ghost appears.

Wild. Her Ghost! Ha, ha, ha. That's pleasant, faith.

Stand. As sure as Fate, it walks in my House.

Wild. In your House! come along! Colonel. By the Lord Illukis it. [Exeunt *Wild.* and *Stand.*]

Mar. Monsieur le Captain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you shall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For what?

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm such a Rogue as to part a couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not see 'em make an end on't; I think it a less Sin to part Man and Wife.—Come along, Sir. [Exit pulling Monsieur,

SCENE, Standard's House.

Enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. Well then; this it seems, is the enchanted Chamber.
The

The Ghost has pitch'd upon a handsome Apartment however.— Well, Colonel, when do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, Sir?—

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you design it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's Powerful there is,

Ghost walks cross the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is.— Emh! Blood, I'll speak to't.—

Vous, Mademoiselle Ghost, parlez vous Francois?— No!

Hark ye, Mrs. Ghost, will your Ladyship be pleas'd to in-

form us who you are, that we may pay you the Respect

due to your Quality.

Ghost returns.

Ghost. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith! Why then here's the Body of thy

living Husband, and stand me if you dare. *[Runs to her and*

embraces her.— Ha! 'tis Substance, I'm sure.— But hold,

Lady Ghost, stand off a little, and tell me in good earnest

now, whether you are alive or dead?

Ang. *[Throwing off her Shroud.]*— Alive! alive! *[Runs*

and throws her Arms about his Neck.] and never liv'd so

much as in this Moment.

Wild. What'd ye think of the Ghost now, Colonel? *[She*

hangs upon him.] Is it not a very loving Ghost?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement, truly.— Look ye, Madam,

I hate to converse so familiarly with Spirits: Pray keep

your distance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a Word on't. *[Moving away.]*

Stand. Sir Harry, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, most Men are more afraid of a living Wife

than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good! Manners to leave you together how-

ever. *[Exit.]*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after so long and tedious an

Absence, to act the Stranger so. I now shall die in earnest,

and must for ever vanish from your Sight.

[Weeping and going.]

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear;

you took me unprovided: Had you but sent me word of

you?

your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning-Bride* upon this Occasion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Musick from both Houses; *Bawler* and *Locket* shall contrive for our Taste; we'll charm our Ears with *Abel's Voice*; feast our Eyes with one another; and thus, with all our Sense stunn'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there — Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural and more moving than all the Plays in *Chrifteendom*. — I'll say no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But ease my Wonder first, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me resolve, since I cou'd not live with you, to die to all the World besides; I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the Force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; my Sickness at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambassador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Assistance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and sent him to observe your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return — Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your busie Brother, under which Disguise I have disappointed your Design upon my Lady *Lurewell*; and in the Form of a Ghost, have reveng'd the Scandal she this Day threw upon me, and have frighted her sufficiently from lying alone. I did resolve to have frighted you likewise, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how squeamish, and how fearful are Women when they want to be humour'd! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head! — But by what means, my Dear, could you purchase this double Disguise? How came you by my Letter to my Brother?

F

Ang.

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters since I came home. But for my Ghostly Contrivance, good Mrs. Parley (mov'd by the Justness of my Cause, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter Fireball and Marquis.

Fire. Sir Harry, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your Man; if not, I have discharg'd my Trust.

Wild. Oh, Monsieur! Won't you salute your Mistress, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me must run to some oder Country now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the French Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, because 'tis the Fashion for Ladies to know every body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, considering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it.—But no matter; my Neighbour's shall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that? No; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, cause 'twas given by you. *[Shews the Picture.]*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful!—And what's this?

[Pulling out t'other Picture.]

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So like, that one might fairly pass for t'other.—Monsieur Marquis, *écoutez*.—You did lie wid my Wife, and she did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your France Politique a little of your Native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de Franceman can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute—I was acquaint wid de Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, an I give him ten Pistole for de Copy.—An so me have de Picture of all de Beauty in London; and by dis Politique, me have de Reputation to lie wid dem all.—

Wild. When perhaps your Pleasure never reach'd above a Pit-Masque in your Life.

Mar. An begar, for dat matre, de natre of Women, a Pit-Masque is as good as de best. De Pleasure is noting, de Glory is all, Alamode de France.

[Struts out.]

Wild.

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and the Ostentation of thy Country — Look ye, Captain, give me thy Hand; once I was a Friend to *France*; but henceforth I promise to sacrifice my Fashions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horses, Arms, and Equipage, and serve my King in *propria persona*, to promote a vigorous War, if there be Occasion.

Fire. Bravely said, Sir *Harry*: And if all the Beaux in the Side-boxes were of your mind; we would send 'em back their *L' Abbe* and *Balon*, and shew 'em a new Dance to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth:

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky, and Parley.

Wild. Oh Colonel! Such Discoveries.

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant; honest Dicky has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then let Dicky run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir; I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance — Strike up.

[*A Dance here.*]

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry*, we have retriev'd our Wives; yours from Death, and mine from the Devil; and they are at present very honest. How shall we keep 'em so?

Ang. By being good Husbands, Sir; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles: For we are but Babies at best, and must have our Play-things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkeys, our Chins, our Fashions, our Washes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle and Impertinence; therefore, I say, 'tis better to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her to play the Devil.

Lure. And another Rule, Gentlemen, let me advise you to observe, never to be jealous; or if you shou'd, be sure never to let your Wife think you suspect her; for we are more restrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdness, than by the Wickedness of the Fact; when once a Woman has born the Shame of a Whore, she'll dispatch you the Sin in a Moment.

Wild. We're oblig'd to you, Ladies, for your Advice; and in return, give me leave to give you the Definition of a good Wife, in the Character of my own.

The Wit of her Conversation never out-strips the Conduct of her Behaviour: She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me: Often chearful, sometimes gay, and always pleas'd, but when I am angry; then sorry, not sullen: The Park, Play-house, and Cards, she frequents in compliance with Custom; but her Diversions of Inclination are at home: She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the Infection of her own Sex is more catching than the Temptation of ours: To all this, she is beautiful to a Wonder, scorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uses all Arts to please her Husband.

*So spite of Satyr 'gainst a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly blest with such a Wife,*



EPI-



EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

VEntre bleu! vere is dis dam Poet? vere
Garzoon! me vil cut off all his two Ear:
Je suis Enrage—now he is not here.
He has affront de French! Le Villaine bête,
De French! your best Friend!—you suffre dat?
Parbleu! Messieurs a serait fort ingrate!
Vat have you English, dat you can call your own?
Vat have you of grand Pleasure in dis Town,
Vidout it come from France, dat wil go down?
Piquet, Basset; your Vin, your Dress, your Dance;
'Tis all you see, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a hondre knick knack;
He carry out Wit, büt seldom bring it back:
But den he bring a Snuff-box Hinge, so small
De Joynt, you can no see de Vark at all,
Cost him five Pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
In tre year it sal save half an Ounce of Snoffe.
De Coquet she ave her Ratifia dere,
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Louere;
As for de Cucko!d—dat indeed you can make here;

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De

EPILOGUE.

*De French it is dat teach de Lady wear
 De short Muff, wit her vite Elbow bare;
 De Beaux de large Muff, wit his Sleeve down dere.
 We teach your Vife, to ope dere Husbands Purfes
 To put de Fur below round dere Coach, and dere Horses.
 Garzoon! wee teach you every ting de Parle:
 For vy den your damn Poet dare to snarle?
 Begar, me vil be revenge upon his Play,
 Tretousan Refugee (Parbleu c'est vray)
 Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird Day.*

* Pointing to his Fingers.

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